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THE RIDDLE

"Is Mary Garden or Nazimova
The greater actress?" Pardon me—both they,
And you and I, seem dreams to me today . . . .

All shapes, all forms, seem utterly
Vague images of sleep to me;
And my real self moves all alone,
Between huge pyramids of stone,
To where a crouching figure lies
With furtive-cruel, half-closed eyes.
And with that crouchéd thing I hold
Converse a hundred centuries old.
She asks. I answer. And not one
Of all her riddles do I shun.
I look into her half-closed eyes
And menace her with my replies.
I am alone. She is alone.
And round us pyramids of stone.
She asks—are good and ill the same?
She asks—has Nature any aim?
She asks—is God a ghost or flame?
And I—I answer; and the sun
Sinks—and a thousand years are one—
One year—one night . . . .

"Is Mary Garden or Nazimova

John Cowper Powys

The greater actress?" Pardon me; both they,
And you and I, seem dreams to me today.

John Cowper Powys

THE SHEPHERD HYMN

My sheep hear my pipe-call—
To fine grass sweet with dew I lead them
The morn-hour.
They are refreshed and strengthened and fed;
Trees thick with leaves afford them cool shade.

My sheep hear my pipe-call—
To brown depths of the stream I lead them
The noon-hour.
On bright ripples their warm mouths are fed;
The low wind disturbs not their quiet shade.

My sheep hear my Christ-call—
Through rough world-work to life I lead them
Till eve-hour.
Of spirit immortal they are fed;
My great wing spreads over them calm shade.

Gladys Hensel